

in the night? had the massacre already commenced? After a moment of doubt - the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic struck during the night at the very moment that the wall had fallen by an extraordinary accident & left bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall as it fell only inspired them with fresh alarms: for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. The hand of God, which had sent the ocean & the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise.

This miraculous deliverance took place on the 3rd of October, 1574 - a day still commemorated by the citizens.

As <sup>a further</sup> ~~another~~ proof that God fought for the distressed city, the Dutch historians tell - that the wind from the south-west, which had carried the water up to the wall, after three days, turned to the north-east; & so drove it back again.

To show his sense of the noble spirit the citizens had shown, the Prince of Orange gave them the choice of two privileges - either an exemption from certain taxes, or an university: they chose the latter, & their university had at one time so great a reputation for learning

windows, & pushed out over the water of the  
boundary drain, as if the inhabitants  
must needs absorb all the vapour &  
effluvia they can collect out of their detoken.  
If the water were running water - a rill, a  
"babbling brook" - it would be another affair.  
But, alas! it is stagnant, mantled over,  
with eternal green, & no stream to purge  
it, as it is pestiferous to a shell. A  
strange sight it is to see a Dutch family  
sitting at tea at these open windows, in  
a wet atmosphere looking perfectly happy,  
in their own way, while they are drinking  
in death from the heavy evening air,  
loaded with ague, cramps, & malaria:  
~~for~~ there they sit & smoke, drink beer  
& tea, through the spring & summer  
afternoons; taking care, however, to escape  
before the sun goes down.

These little pleasure houses are so very  
numerous as to form a characteristic  
feature of the country. Each villa has  
some motto inscribed over the gateway,  
meant to bespeak content & comfort in  
the part of the owner, as, 'Pleasure & ease',  
'Not so bad', 'There is pleasure in gardening'.  
Some of the larger gardens abound with  
fruit & vegetables, & beds & borders of  
flowering plants are laid out in every  
frolisgue shape. It must be confessed,  
~~however~~ that an air of comfort presides over  
the villas. Most of the dwelling houses are  
fairly

family populated in finely colored; all the fields  
& out-shoots are kept in great order; while  
the verdant meadows are graced with the finest  
cattle, most speckled black & white.

There is little doubt that the taste for cultivating  
flowers, especially bulbs, originated in  
Holland. The town of Haarlem is still  
famous for its hyacinths, tulips, & other  
flowers which grow in the utmost luxuriance  
& beauty in a sandy soil particularly  
congenial to them. The gardens of a great  
part of Europe are supplied from the  
nursery grounds of Haarlem.

~~But~~ The trade in tulips is not what it  
was in the days of the Tulipomania;  
a hundred florins is now a very large  
sum for a bulb: then people were often  
willing to spend all they had on a <sup>single</sup> growing  
single root: ~~at one time~~, we are told,  
there were but two roots of a kind of tulip  
called Semper Augustus one at Amsterdam,  
the other at Haarlem; for one of these were  
offered 4000 florins, a new carriage & two  
fine horses! ~~It is almost impossible to~~  
~~credit such extravagance~~: The real strength  
of the story is, that these tulip roots were  
never bought or sold, but that they became  
the medium of a kind of gambling. The  
bulbs, ~~became~~ like the <sup>national</sup> ~~different~~ stocks in  
our public funds, ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> were bought & sold  
at ~~different~~ <sup>varying</sup> prices from day to day, the  
most valued tulips all the while never ~~more~~  
appearing



17  
The very plan which grew between the  
stones of the street had been eaten. Gamme  
was stalking abroad; they could hold out  
no longer; the brave Garrison determined  
to put their women & children in their  
midst, & cut their way through the  
enemy's camp. The Spaniards, ~~however~~;  
~~having heard of this~~ & fearing the effects of  
their despair, sent a flag of truce, & offered  
pardon & amnesty on condition of the  
surrender of the town and of fifty seven  
of the chief instigators. A hard condition,  
but fifty seven devoted citizens freely  
gave themselves up: ~~for their~~ the Spaniards  
entered, the townspeople ~~paid down~~ <sup>paid down</sup> their  
arms & trusted to the promise of their  
treacherous foes. Three days passed;  
suspicion was roused, when, the cruel  
Alca & his sons, Ferdinand & Toledo  
let loose their blood-hounds on the  
unexpecting & unarmed citizens.  
The governors & the noble fifty seven  
were the first to fall: then, from execution,  
were kept at work until two thousand  
of the miserable citizens had been intemperately  
butchered in cold blood, hard work  
this for the executioners, who grew  
weary, & then, three hundred of the  
remaining victims, tied two & two  
were thrown into the lake of Haarlem.  
Small

rendered productive, a cow, a pig, the  
necessary clothes, provisions, &  
agricultural implements; then he is  
compelled to work; those who do not  
know now are taught; the wages are,  
not money, but food & the value of  
each day's work in food & clothing.  
The children are instructed; the  
money which is spent on these colonies,  
in the first place is repaid as a loan;  
when they repay which, the land is  
their own, & they are free to do what they  
like with it; & many of them now have  
little farms with comfortable houses &  
gardens stocked with flowers & fruit  
trees. Thousands of pauper families  
have been rescued in this way, but  
the work is still carried on by a  
Society of Charity, & is not by any  
means self supporting.

One of the most interesting spots in  
Amsterdam, from the bustle displayed on  
it, is the Harbours & the Quay along the side  
of the J. There is a class of the population  
who live entirely upon the canal, making  
their vessels their home. In this and in  
many other respects the Dutch bear a strong  
resemblance to the Chinese: like that industrious  
& economical race, they keep their hogs, their  
chicks, & other domestic animals constantly  
on board. Their cabins display the same

## A Dutch Paradise.

Broek (pronounced Broth), celebrated as the cleanest village in the world, is built on the border of a large pond; <sup>the inhabitants are</sup> respectable, well-to-do people, who have made their fortunes & retired from business. Some of them are ~~engaged in~~ <sup>engaged in</sup> the manufacture of those little round cheeses known all over the world as Dutch cheeses, a source of much wealth to North Holland.

There is neither horse nor cart-road through the place: the narrow passages which intersect it are paved with bricks or little stones set in patterns. The houses are mostly of wood, very scrupulously painted white & green - always fresh. But some people are said to keep painters in their houses all the year round. Almost all the houses plumb, in the sun with roofs of polished tiles of different colours: one has a paleboarded ceiling front, intended to represent a temple, another is painted with such various colours as to call to mind the drop scene of a theatre; all vie with one another in extravagance & absurdities. Many of them are planted & viewed at the edge of canals, & are approached by plank bridges.

A true Sleepy Hollow is Broek: not a



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soul is to be seen in the narrow streets: not a door or window is uncleaned. The very steps leading up to the front doors are removed, as if there were orders to be ordered again. The fact is, the good people of Brook do their out-door cleaning long before beggar folk are astir in the morning. Their windows, their doors, their walls, their steps, the very bunks of their trees. The pebbles which form their paths are brought to a high polish; never a cobweb, smear or speck of dust remains upon the face of Brook, & then the housewives retire in doors & are seen no more till next sunrise.

Another cause why the streets are so still, is that the windows next the street & the front doors are never opened save for the entrance of a bride, or the exit of a corpse for burial.

Mounted at the back, there are more signs of life: before every ~~in the~~ house is a collection of shoes & sabots; you must walk in in your stocking feet, in slippers if you have them, but no displacement from out of doors must ~~enter~~ cross the threshold: even the emperor Alexander, on visiting Brook <sup>the village</sup> ~~was obliged to do as~~ <sup>did</sup> Brook does.

The closed door in every house leads to an apartment which is only opened <sup>once</sup>

once a week by the housewife herself, who  
enters with her maid, bearing scrubbing  
brushes & shuttles: then, the shuttles  
are unfastened the walls & the floor  
are sponged, the china cups & tea pots  
wiped, which every ledge & shelf joins,  
are scrupulously dusted, the stove  
is polished, the furniture is polished, then,  
once again, doors & shuttles are closed  
not to be opened till that day week-  
sinces, indeed, a wedding should  
be preceded.

As for the cows, they budge better than  
poor people do with us - whether they  
like it ~~though~~ <sup>above</sup> is another question; for  
every stall is a <sup>each</sup> ~~stall~~ cow's tail  
is tied to this hook in the ceiling, lest  
she should dangle it in the dirt &  
besmear her comely sides! As for dirt,  
though, when is it to be found? The pavement  
is of shining Dutch tiles, & the walls,  
of deal boards, white & smooth as a  
kitchen table: to be sure a gutter runs  
from end to end of the stable, & here  
the refractory tail might gather deposit.  
Then the garden - such pavilions &  
arbours & temples & bridges, pagodas  
& toy houses of every conceivable shape



As never will seen before! Here, was  
by - Shop so amusing: You may come  
upon a Swiss cottage in which a man  
sits smoking his pipe, & his wife sits  
opposite, spinning - but he is a wooden  
man & she is a wooden woman; a  
wooden dog barks at the entrance, a  
wooden soldier stands ready to shoot  
you: parakeet & swans, ducks &  
mermaids swim about the ponds.

(unfinished)